

CHATS WITH YOUNG MEN

RULES OF ETIQUETTE

A young man who wants to act properly will not lay his cane across the piano or put his hat on a chair. The hat and stick ought to be put on the floor near him, if he does not care to hold them in his hands. If he leaves his hat in the hall, his hostess will think he is going to spend the day in her house. But if she insists on taking his hat from him, it will not do to struggle for it. Such devotion to etiquette might make a bad impression. Good feeling and common sense must modify all rules; and if one's entertainers have the old-fashioned impressions that the first duty of hospitality is to grasp one's hat and cane, let them have them by all means; but do not take the sign to mean that you are to stay all day. A quarter of an hour is long enough for a first call.

"You must have had a delightful visitor this morning," one lady said to another. "He stayed over an hour. What did he talk about?" The other lady smiled sadly: "He told me how he felt when he had the scarlet fever, and all about his mother's liver-complaint."

Topics of conversation should be carefully chosen. Strangers do not want to see a man often who talks about his troubles, his illness, and his virtues. The more the "You" is used in general society, and the less the "I," the better it will be for him who has the tact to use it. There is no use in pretending that our troubles are interesting to anybody but our mothers. Other people may listen, but depend upon it, they prefer to avoid a man with a grievance.

If the young man with the letter of introduction has made a good impression, he will probably be invited to dinner. And then, if he has been careless of little observances, he will begin to be anxious. Perhaps it will be a ceremonious dinner, too, where there will be a crowd of young girls ready to criticize in their minds every motion, and some older ladies who will be sure to make up their minds as to the manner in which he has been brought up at home or at college. And we must remember that our conduct when we get out into the world reflects credit or discredit on our homes or our schools. —From "A Gentleman."

DOLLARS AND SENSE

Don't imagine, young man, that the mere accumulation of money is going to give you any position of which you may be proud, even among men of money.

When men die they leave only one heritage which is remembered, and that is what they have done for the benefit of humanity, whether or not this good has been accomplished by willing money to schools, libraries and charities, or is obtained because they left behind them an example worthy to be followed.

Remember that a draft drawn on the Bank of Earth is not payable at the Bank of Heaven.

If you would have your money do you and others any good, mix sense with it.

If you would have your business of benefits to you and to your community, or to those who labor under you, use sense in conducting it.

Sense has a value in every market. Dollars are not good everywhere. Sense and gumption are marketable commodities. Without them the richest money man is poor indeed.

Money is worth having. Without it we cannot eat or live; but sense and money is barren as a desert plain. By itself alone it cannot sow or harvest. It is a drag which prevents the rudder of the Ship of Life from making a straight course. A diet of dollars results in mental starvation. Sense is the food which nourishes both the mind and the body.

Get sense, first, and money afterward. —Catholic Columbian.

PRINCIPLES BEHIND CHARACTER

Behind all character there are enduring principles, and it is by these principles, handed on from sire to son, but developed for the first time sometimes by him whom they are illustrated, that greatness is nurtured and truest kingship achieved. We see, now and then, men of the humblest lineage, as the world reckons such things, who mount to the loftiest eminence from lowliest and most obscure beginnings, and we see all along, in the history of such men, certain dominant aspirations, certain clear convictions, a faith and courage and majesty of rectitude, which rule and mould them from the beginning. Such men, whatever their origin, seem to be born of great truths and nurtured by grand ideals. In the womb of these their intellects were nourished, their wills disciplined and their consciences enlightened. If we go back to the mothers who bore them, no matter in what humble station they lived and toiled and nourished their little ones, the same noble qualities appear and these are the influences that rule and mould the man. Such a man, in whatever high station he stands, is great and noble, because he is most of all, the son of noble beliefs and noble convictions. —True Voice.

RULES FOR SUCCESS

First—A young man should be thoroughly honest, frank and sincere. When he says anything he should tell the truth.

Second—He should be considerate of the interests of others. Of course he should seek to protect and promote his own interests, but never to the undue or unfair prejudices of others. This he will find wise from the standpoint of good morals and good business.

Third—He should have a good education. First of all he should be educated in the fundamentals, including particularly grammar, rhetoric, spelling, arithmetic, geography and history. The more he knows in other lines, including the classics, so much the better.

Fourth—He should be consistent and careful in looking after his health, both physically and morally.

Fifth—He should be ambitious to succeed in every respect that is honorable. He should be energetic, persistent, studious, thoughtful and faithful to all the interests he represents.

Sixth—The young man should be patriotic and loyal to his own country; but he should avoid any feeling or disposition of hostility toward people of any other country or nation, save only for the purpose of self-defense.

Finally—and above everything else—he should adopt as his religion the Golden Rule, and practice it, whatever may be his profession or avocation.—Judge Gary, in Boston New Bureau.

LINCOLN TO YOUNG MEN

The way for a young man to rise is to improve himself every way he can, never suspecting that anyone wishes to hinder him. Allow me to assure you that suspicion and jealousy never did help any man in any situation. There may sometimes be ungenerous attempts to keep a young man down; and they will succeed, too, if he allows his mind to be diverted from its true channel to brood over the attempted injury. Cast about, and see if this feeling has not injured every person you have known to fall into it.—Abraham Lincoln.

OUR BOYS AND GIRLS

"OLD RING"

Do animals think and reason? I am satisfied that old Ring does both. Ring came to my home fourteen years ago merely a stray dog. I endeavored by every means possible to impress upon him the fact that he was an unwelcome guest. But to no purpose. My unfriendly attitude caused Ring to avoid me, but leave he would not.

One day I had occasion to visit a neighbor who was the possessor of a vicious dog. As I neared the gate he met me and was determined to sample my legs. I was fighting him off with my cane as best I could when suddenly a bundle of long hair flew by me, struck the dog, knocking him down and seizing him by the throat. It was Ring, and instantly taking in the situation the two of us, Ring and I, gave to that vicious brute a severe whipping and drove him inside the gate.

The next morning as I left my home Ring was by my side. He remained with me until I had passed the danger point—the home of the vicious dog—and then turning about went back home. It is needless to say that a friendship at once sprang up between Ring and myself that will last "until death do us part."

And just as long as that dog remained at the home of my neighbor—morning, noon and night—Ring kept up his self-imposed task of guarding me, meeting me on my return and seeing me safe home.

In the course of time the dog was taken away, and at once Ring ceased his vigils. But after a year or more two more dogs, noisy but harmless, were kept on the street leading from my home to my office. And again old Ring resumed his task of guarding me, and though he had no hand to guard me safely past the danger point, going and coming. But beyond that point Ring never goes. He quietly turns round and goes back to his kennel, which I can assure you is warm and comfortable.

Old Ring is not a dog of aristocratic breeding, nor one of careful training. He is merely an ordinary, every day sort of dog—Shepherd, Spaniel and dog. But during a life of more than ordinary activity—a life that has seen friends come and go—I have never yet met one so constant, loyal and true as old Ring. He knows when my supposed enemies are at home and never yet has neglected his vigil.

Ring is now old and feeble; his once bright eye is faded and dim; his once nimble joints are stiffened with age; but just so long as I have a home he is welcome to share it with me.—William Thompson, in Our Dumb Animals.

THE TRUE GENTLEMAN

In Cardinal Newman's book entitled "The Idea of a University," he has a delightful pen-picture of a true gentleman; a few extracts from which may be timely to quote: "The true gentleman rather concurs with the movements of those about him than takes the initiative himself. His great concern being to make others at ease and at home. He never speaks of himself except when compelled, never defends himself by a mere retort; he has no sense for slander or gossip and interprets everything for the best. . . . He does not mistake sharp sayings for arguments, nor insinuate evil he dare not speak out."

There is much more to this interesting subject from Cardinal Newman's gifted pen, but these few are so pointedly clear quotations one finds no difficulty in understanding his noble ideal of a true gentleman, and not a sentence but may be applied to defining a true lady by adopting a change of pronoun.

YER CAN'T RUB IT OUT

A wealthy young fellow was standing before a costly plate-glass window, idly scratching upon it with a diamond ring upon his finger. A small street urchin, after watching him for awhile with evident signs of displeasure, finally said to the older boy, who was discharging the window. "Don't yer do that no more. What yer doing it for?"

"Geeses I shall do it if I want to. Why not?" said the other. "Because," said the younger boy, and his voice became earnest, "because yer can't rub it out."

Human character is the window, clear, flawless, glistening, smooth upon which every thought, word and action are leaving their certain trace. That unholiness thought which brought a flush to the cheek and a start of guilt lest another should suspect it, cuts its way through the clear crystal, leaving an unsightly scratch behind. That unkind word to some-

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one else brought not alone the heartache to the one thus unkindly treated but it also left a mark on your own character where before there had been none.

And the worst of it is that none of these unsightly scratches will rub out. Try as we will, we cannot rub out the marks which our daily lives are leaving upon our personal characters.—The Child Apostle.

THE BOY AND THE BISHOP

Once an altar boy was invited to call on the bishop, who was a very kind man. The little boy felt afraid and embarrassed, not knowing how to act or what to say. Carefully, very carefully, he brushed his clothes and polished his shoes, and took good care not to soil them on the way.

The bishop received him very kindly and, noticing how clean he had kept his shoes, said to him: "Why my dear boy, how could you keep your shoes so clean when the roads are so muddy?" "Oh, I was very careful to pick my way." "But this morning your shoes were soiled when you served Mass." "Yes, but I did not know that the bishop would be there or I would have cleaned them before." "And do you not know my dear boy, that when you serve Mass you are before God Himself, surrounded by thousands of angels; why then did you not have your shoes in good condition?"

The little boy burst into tears, but he ever after that appeared about the altar with well kept shoes, clean hands and face, and neatly brushed hair, showing how he had profited by the bishop's remark.—New World.

ST. IGNATIUS AND THE NOVICE

Every simplest action we perform can win us merits for heaven if we only remember to offer it up to God. Having done so, however, we must strive to do it well; for surely it would be an insult to God to offer Him worthless service.

St. Ignatius once came upon a young novice who was doing his work in a lazy, slovenly way. "Who are you working for?" he inquired of him suddenly. "I'm working for God," answered the novice.

"So much the worse, then," answered St. Ignatius. "If you had been working for me, I might have excused the imperfection of your work, but if you are working for God your carelessness is inexcusable.—St. Paul Bulletin.

THE STRENGTH OF THE CROSS

The Cross, the radiant Cross, exultingly I kiss it always, as I put it on. To meet the glory of another dawn, And pray that God may bless the day for these.

The Cross, the heavy Cross, unsteadily I meet life's issues, as they fast arise; But that supreme sign of sacrifice New strength and patience giveth unto me.

The Cross, the blessed Cross, as reverently I touch it with my lips, at close of day, With yearning hunger, tenderly I pray, That God will bless thee, everlastingly.

—MABEL BOURQUIN, FOSTORIA, O.

CHOOSE BETWEEN THIS AND THAT

In a certain history a few years ago, after giving a comprehensive view of Christianity, the writer expressed his surprise at the increasing number of religious orders in the Catholic Church. He probably had never read St. Thomas, otherwise he might have been convinced of the force of this saying: "It is of variety that truth arises in the Church." However, this historian was critical in his inclined and endeavored to explain why new religious orders sprang up so frequently by saying that as the older orders grew rich, they lost their austere spirit and efficiency and were supplanted by those imbued with the character of simplicity and strict observance. As a general proposition the statement of this writer of history is true, although the founding of new religious orders or the restoration of the old ones was not of such frequent occurrence as he would make us believe. But waiving this—he is absolutely wrong when he characterizes this occurrence as a weakness of the Church. On the contrary it precisely shows her strength. It gives the Church the innate power of reforming herself—quite different from the dominant idea in the Protestant Reformation—to seek reform outside of her portals by schism and heresy. It is the divine element showing its controlling influence over the weak human agencies in the Church. It is just this thing, of which the writer complains that triumphantly vindicates the sanctity and indefectibility of the institution founded by Christ. To cure human ills with such remedies as these reveals the Divine Physician—ever present to inspire us for all Catholic Christians to recognize this fact and realize the presence of an abiding Saviour. Nowadays the world is immersed in the race for commercial gain. It is no

FOUNTAIN OF THE FAITH OF OUR FATHERS

In the bigoted State of North Carolina, there is one little section surrounding the village of Newton Grove, and it is composed largely of Catholics, and it is worthy of special mention, says the Indiana Catholic, that these Catholics are either converts or the children of converts. This unusual condition was brought about by one man, a physician named Dr. Monk, who was loved by every one in the neighborhood. Many years ago, when Cardinal Gibbons was Vicar Apostolic of the State of North Carolina, Dr. Monk was a member of the Presbyterian church. This was only one of many Protestant sects he had tried, for he was soul sick and was searching for an unknown something which the Protestant religions could not supply.

He knew no Catholics, had never seen a Catholic priest, but quite by chance a Catholic paper used as the wrapper of an express package fell into his hands. In that paper there was printed a sermon on Church unity, which had been preached by Archbishop Corrigan of New York. It was after reading that sermon that the good doctor realized what it was he had wanted all of these years. Unity of faith was to him the proof of true doctrine and he realized that it was only in the Catholic Church that such unity existed.

He immediately wrote a letter addressing it to "Any Catholic Priest, Wilmington, N. C." That letter fell into the hands of Cardinal Gibbons and the correspondence which ensued between the physician and the priest was the foundation of "The Faith of Our Fathers" which Cardinal Gibbons afterward wrote. Dr. Monk and his family became Catholics, and finally, after years of patient suffering at the hands of his bigoted neighbors, others followed his example.

It may seem a far cry from this North Carolina physician and the little Catholic colony he founded so many years ago, to a German prison camp to day, but it isn't. There is a thing called—Unity of Faith. It is that same unity which is making brothers out of enemies and is drawing Frenchmen, Englishmen, Rus-

sians, Belgians with their German captors before the altar of God. It is this Unity of Faith which is bringing a ray of gladness and happiness into the midst of the most terrible disaster the world has ever known. Father Ducoquet, a French Redemptorist, writes about it in an interesting article recently published in the Dublin Review.

In one of the largest prison camps of Germany, he tells us, a chapel has been erected. Masses are said daily, thousands of confessions are heard and thousands approach the Holy Table. Those men are hearing the same Mass they heard at home, the same liturgical language falls upon their ears and as friend and foe kneel side by side at the Communion Table, the same God extends His benediction to them. How it brings to mind those words of St. Paul: "One Lord, One Faith, One Baptism." Where outside of the Catholic Church could you find it? Where outside the Church founded by Jesus Christ, the Saviour of men, could such a condition exist?

Also, if our non-Catholic brethren, divided as they are into countless sects, could only realize that unity is one of the most important marks of the True Church. Many are being brought to a realization of this fact through the dread scourge of war, and even the Anglican chaplains are writing to the English papers concerning the wonderful devotion of the Catholic soldiers. We felt almost rash when, at the beginning of the conflict, we uttered the prophecy that perhaps the war would bring France back to the True Fold, but in the light of subsequent events, we boldly assert that the conversion of the greater portion of Protestant Europe is liable to result.—Southern Guardian.

A few months ago the Holy Father sent an offering of 10,000 francs to relieve the appalling distress in bleeding Belgium for whose sufferings he has shown such deep compassion. Last week he sent a similar sum to unhappy Poland, which is dying of hunger. There the people are eating the bark of the trees to keep the life in them. A million and a half of her sons are on the battlefield, fighting for different flags. In Russian Poland alone 15,000 villages have been burned or ruined, a thousand churches and chapels have been destroyed, nine of the ten provinces have been over run several times by the enemy, helpless women and little children, homeless, destitute, terrified, are dying by thousands of cold and hunger in the forests in which they have taken refuge, and the situation in Galicia is hardly less terrible.—The Michigan Catholic.

SUFFERING POLAND

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KIND WORDS

Kind words do not cost much. They are quickly spoken. They do not blister the tongue that utters them. They never have to be repeated. They do not keep us awake till midnight. It is easy to scatter them. And oh, how much good they may do! They do good to the person from whose lips they fall. Soft words will soften the soul. They will smooth down the rough places in our natures. Care to say kindly things will drill our natures in kindness. It will help pull up all the roots of passion. It will give us a spirit of self-control. It will make the conscience delicate and the disposition gentle. A woman cannot make a habit of speaking kind words without augmenting her own gracious temper. But better will be their influence upon others. If cold words freeze people, and hot words scorch them, so will kind words madden themselves and soothe and quiet and comfort the hearer. They make all the better elements of one's nature come trooping to the surface. They melt our stubbornness. They arouse an appreciation of better things. Let us say the kindly word. No one can tell how many burdened hearts may be relieved, how many discouraged souls may be inspired. Say it every day; to the one who disturbs you while you are busy, asking for work; to the one who has almost lost hope; to all. Remember, kind words can never die.—Sacred Heart Review.

MORE MEN AND MORE MAN

What the Church constantly needs in these days of intense effort and trial is not improved methods of doing things, although good methods count for much, but more men—men filled with love for Christ and zeal for his cause. And not only men more zealous, but more man—more of the virile strength that will have to be put forth before the hosts of Satan are overcome. It was not St. Paul's methods that converted the Gentile world, but St. Paul himself. More and more, observant men are coming to know that what counts in religion, what wins men's souls to God, is contact of souls. A quiet, tender "God bless you" counts for more than an hour's wrangling in contro- versy concerning mooted points in religion. The poor sinner needs fewer drugs and more nursing. "If I were a wounded soldier on the battlefield, "it would do me more good than a dozen telegrams."—The Missionary.

longer a question with the majority of how much does it take to save my soul, but the paramount issue, paraded everywhere, is "Does it pay?" "How much money is there in it?" Yet the religious order has by stupendous contrast but our motto emblazoned before its members, and that is: "Go; sell all thou hast and give to the poor."

A writer in America analyzes the prevalent commercial creed: "Does it pay?" is the highway-man on life's broad roads. Every one must stand and deliver at his imperious commands. Not the rich only but the poor, too; not the strong simply but widows and orphans. Some brigands had a sort of chivalry like that of the burglar not so long since, who entered a house to rob it but, finding in it only a poor, sick woman, gave her a contribution and departed. Let this question of Mammon echo persistently in the soul behind every word and act and thought and desire, and that soul becomes as merciless as it is mercenary. Friendship and the love of kin and the worship of God and high honor and conscience, all must cash in to the monster Mammon and his one, unvarying question: "A blaze in the east, a blaze overhead, a blaze in the west," so appeared the tropical sun to the poet. The blaze which makes its dazzling track across the sky of the soul-miser, the blaze which blinds his eyes to all else, is that orb of gold whose dawn is red, whose noonday is deadly and whose setting is bloody. The mighty dollar is the center of the soul system where "Does it pay?" is master. "Does it pay?" is the single standard of gold which rules and ruins the noblest."

In view of the problems of eternity, in view of Christ's saying: "For whoso shall profit a man, if he gain the whole world, and suffer the loss of his soul? Does it not after all pay better to save one's soul than to pile up the dollars?—Intermountain Catholic.

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